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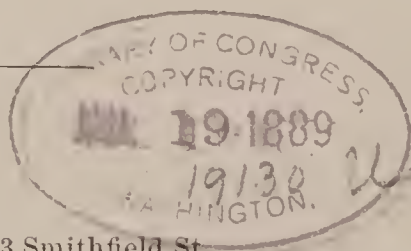
COL. JOHN A. ^{Anderson} DANKS,

Late 63d Penn'a Volunteers,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

1889.

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INTRODUCTORY.

GENTLE READER :

The strongest and brightest thoughts that are to be met in the literary world of to-day are found in the poetic utterances of men and women, for this reason : strong emotions will not remain in the line of common prose, but necessarily leap into the poetic. This little book does not contain all the truths that are in this world, but all that are here are useful.

This book does not claim to be of the highest style of literary productions ; but it is the grandest and best book its author ever produced. It was not written in old Bedford Jail, London ; but in some respects its author is very much like the man who did write a book there, for he has had to battle with some of the difficulties which confronted John Bunyan. But to the loyal, good and true this little book is dedicated by the author,

J. A. DANKS.

VOICES FOR THE UNION.

While seated on the summit of Mt. Washington, with the busy cities of Pittsburgh and Allegheny spread out before me, and the rivers flowing rapidly by (for it was at the time of a flood), I could not resist thoughts of the past, and I said: How important to hill and dale, commerce and home, that the Union was saved from wreck and ruin when traitors sought its overthrow; for all things and interests seem to need the Union; and there, while musing, voices seemed to come to me crying out for the Union.

From all the mountains and the hills,
With all their pines and oaks and ferns,
When morning's gentle dew distills,
Or the sun in noontide glory burns,
There comes a voice from woods and plain,
The *Union* should forever remain!

From every ocean, lake and bay,
With all the ships and yachts that sail
On peaceful seas—or anchored lay
Within the harbor—wrecked and frail,
There comes a voice, with might o'er main,
The *Union* should forever remain!

From all the forts and rifle-pits,
With all their toil and sweat and blood,
Where freedom's angel proudly sits
A nymph—that rose above the flood,
There comes a voice, 'tis low yet plain,
The *Union* should forever remain!

From all the graves of those who died
To keep the nation pure and strong,
With all their life-work, multiplied
By lapse of years and soul of song,
There comes a voice, like spirit rain,
The *Union* should forever remain!

From all the freedmen in this land,
Who know the worth of equal rights
And feel that their duty is to stand
By those who stood and fought their fights,
There comes these words, need I explain,
O, let de *Union* still remain!

From all the hardy sons of toil,
Who need protection and fair play
To make the steel and till the soil,
Then count their increase day by day,
There comes these words, like the lightning train,
The *Union* we need and will maintain!

From North and South, from East and West,
From all the loyal, good and true,
Who for the nation stand abreast,
'Neath stars and stripes and spangled blue,
There comes these words, in glad refrain,
The *Union* we love and will maintain!

Cheer up, ye veteran legion band,
Your toils and sufferings all are o'er;
God holds the dry land in his hand,
He rules the seas from shore to shore,
You shout with hand and heart and brain,
The *Union must* forever remain!

THE SUPERIORITY OF THE BLUE.

For many years prior to 1861, political differences, individual opinions and interpretations, coupled with selfishness and ambition, kept the nation in a constant turmoil. Statesmen East, West, North and South grappled with those questions and differences, but no solution came to the nation. Indeed, their efforts seemed only to result in a widening of the breach, so that it was manifest that a storm was gathering in America. In 1860 dark political clouds were seen around our horizon. In 1861 they had spread over our national sky and war was declared in free America. The sun of peace and prosperity was darkened. The sound of the timbrel and harp gave place to the fife and drum, and war, cruel war, was in the land; but there was patriotism, virtue and honor in the people and they were sufficient for the occasion.

When the war cloud, dark and dreary,
O'er the nation spread its pall;
When Freedom's eagle, faint and weary.
Reeling, toppling, seemed to fall;
Then it was, with courage dauntless,
For the right, the good, the true,
There came in numbers almost countless.
Patriotic men in blue.

Bravely did our country's yeomen,
With our banner floating high,
Meet the foes of right and freedom,
Each resolved to win or die.
Some have fallen, and now moulder
In the grave oft wet with dew,
But the fame of Union soldier
Is immortal, like the blue.

April Ninth, at Appomattox,

Witnessed what words cannot say;
When our God, with Grant commanding,
Stamped defeat on all the gray.
Then it was our prayers were answered,
And our term of service through,
When old glory, unmolested,
Waved in triumph o'er the blue.

Wave it must while time is passing;
Wave it will when time is o'er;
From the womb of morning flashing,
Proudly gild the eternal shore.
But the gray to darkness driven,
All the ceaseless ages through,
While the pure and good in heaven,
Crowned with freedom, hail the blue.

Comrades, we should never falter,
But through life together stand;
All we have placed on the altar
Of this highly favored land;
Kindly earing for the widow,
And the orphan of the true,
Till the immortal Camp Commander
Says, receive the white for blue.

Then earth's bugle calls no longer
Can disturb our calm repose;
There we change by growing stronger,
Never overpowered by foes.
Wait, then, hero, wait the sequel
To this life of checkered hue!
Time will show God owns none equal
To the men who wore the blue!

UPON THE FIELD OF GETTYSBURG.

When the battle of Gettysburg was over and the proper details had been made by the Union Army to collect and bury the dead, one squad of men came to a man lying on the sod, dressed in blue and holding in his hand an ambrotype likeness of three little children. The dead man's eyes seemed to be gazing at them. There were no marks on the man to give his name, state, company or regiment. The authorities had photograph pictures taken from the ambrotype likeness, and scattered them all over the northern states. Up in the state of New York they found the man's wife and three children. The family were taken to Gettysburg; the wife was made matron of the Soldiers' Orphan School there, and the children were educated in that Institution.

Upon the field of Gettysburg
The summer sun was high,
When Freedom met her haughty foe
Beneath a northern sky.
Among the heroes of the North
Who swelled the grand array,
And rushed like mountain eagles forth
From the happy homes away,
There stood a man of humble fame,
A sire of children three,
And gazed within a little frame
Their pictured forms to see.
And blame him not if in the strife
He breathed a soldier's prayer—
"O! Father, shield the soldier's wife,
And for his children care."

Upon the field of Gettysburg,
When morning shone again,
The crimson cloud of battle burst
In streams of fiery rain.
Our legions quelled the awful flood
Of shot and steel and shell;
While banners marked with ball and blood,
Around them rose and fell—
And none more nobly won the name
Of Champion of the Free
Than he who pressed the little frame
That held his children three—
And none were braver in the strife
Than he who breathed the prayer,
“O! Father, shield the soldier’s wife
And for his children care.”

Upon the field of Gettysburg
The full moon slowly rose,
She looked and saw ten thousand brows
All pale in death’s repose;
And down beside a silver stream,
From other forms away,
Calm as a warrior in a dream
Our fallen comrade lay.
His limbs were cold—his sightless eyes
Were fixed upon the three
Sweet stars that rose in memory’s skies
To light him o’er death’s sea.
Then honored be the soldier’s life,
And hallowed be his prayer,
“O! Father, shield the soldier’s wife,
“And for his children care.”

I BELIEVE IN GOD.

They say there's a land o'er the ocean
Where wonders and beauties are seen;
They say it's a glorious Eden,
Where none but the blessed convene.
Many friends for that land have departed,
They have crossed over life's troubled sea—
Oh, let us sail over and meet them,
Jesus' life-boat will carry us free.

They say we shall dwell there forever,
If we list to our Saviour's command;
They say we shall ever be happy
When safe in that beautiful land;
'Tis there we shall meet loving Jesus,
Who suffered and died us to save;
He will stand on the bright shore and hail us,
As we ride o'er the last broken wave.

They say we shall know all our loved ones,
When we meet on that bright golden shore:
They say we shall clasp hands so gladly,
And together rejoice evermore.
O, let us prepare for the journey,
Let our hearts be kept loyal and true;
Then the Saviour will watch and protect us
Till the mansions of Heaven are in view.

THE PILGRIMS.

To my mind the second grandest sight ever beheld on earth by angels and men was the sight of the worshipping Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock, New England, in December, sixteen hundred and twenty. For five months the Pilgrim band had been tossed to and fro by the angry billows of old ocean, anxiously looking and longing for a place where they might make for themselves and their descendents a home consecrated to freedom. When they landed, we are told that their first act was to erect a cross and then offer worship to the God of the universe, and thus dedicate the land to religion. I certainly think that just then the angels of heaven once more mingled their voices with the voices on earth in singing praises to the great all Father. But little did the Pilgrims know of the turmoil, opposition and hardships that awaited them in their heroic efforts for freedom. Little did they think that because of foreign enemies and home traitors, that centuries must pass by ere their cherished hope would be fully realized in the then newly discovered land. Then followed 161 years of colonial life; this was followed by 84 years of constitutional liberty for the white man—just 245 years, and America was absolutely free. Hallelujah!

In sixteen hundred and one score
At Plymouth Rock I see
A band of Pilgrims on the shore,
In search of liberty.

Old England tried to force our sires
To pay a tax on tea;
Then kneeling 'round their own camp fires
They prayed to be set free.

In seventeen hundred seventy-six,
As history tells to me,
Assembled in that Quaker town
They struck for liberty.

Then years of toil and strife and blood
Were borne most manfully.
Till England by her edict said
The colonies are free.

(SPOKEN—Thus it continued for about eighty years, and then—)

When treason's traitorous motley band
Made known their base design,
Which was to rob Columbia's land
Of Freedom's bold ensign—

'Twas then the Blue, "Jacksonian" like.
To check their plans begun,
And said: "If God will help us strike,
This thing shall not be done."

God helps the right, the good, the true,
But frustrates base design,
God gave this nation to the blue,
With Freedom's bold ensign.

From North to South, from East to West.
O'er mountain, plain or sea,
Beneath the flag we love the best
Columbia's sons are free.

MOTHER'S SIGHTLESS BOY.

In one of the battles on the Peninsula, a bright, courageous boy was shot with a minnie ball just behind the right eye; the ball passed clear through and came out just behind the left eye. He was blind. When at Annapolis, Md., the Post Surgeon was examining the wound, he said to the Chaplain: "This boy is blind forever." "Well," said the Chaplain, "Doctor, that is a very sad case." Then the young, sightless hero spoke and said: "Gentlemen, if that is true, it is sad for me; but I want you to know that I would go through it again for the old flag and for the Union."

DEDICATED TO THE BRAVE BOY WHO LOST THE SIGHT OF
BOTH EYES ON THE PENINSULA IN 1862.

The sound of war was in the land.
He left his happy home,
Beneath the flag to take his stand,
And guard the nation's dome.
His arm was strong, though smooth his face.
His heart was fixed like steel.
To save the nation from disgrace,
And seek the nation's weal.

With deep blue eyes and auburn hair,
With active mind and limb,
He hurried forth to do and dare,
Whate'er was left to him.
He carried with him mother's love
And father's blessing too;
And none can tell how proud he felt
But those who wore the blue.

Six months had passed when down the bay
To Fort Monroe we sailed;
The home he loved seemed far away,
But naught of courage failed.
The spring campaign of sixty-two
Was fairly under way,
And he longed to see the stars and stripes
Borne onward, day by day.

The smoke of battle fills the air,
The deadly missel flies;
Our hero gave for right and home
Those sparkling, deep blue eyes.
No more to see the dear old flag,
Though once the sight gave joy,
He now is known where'er he goes
As—mother's sightless boy.

But there's a world where all are free.
We're hastening to it fast;
We'll stand upon a level there,
When the gates of death are past.
Beneath the everlasting dome,
The wrongs of earth made right,
Our hero shouts: "I'm safe at home,"
While God restores his sight.

To see the flag in endless day,
And rally neath its fold
Where all our tears are wiped away,
And where we ne'er grow old;
There with the angel choir to sing,
And angel glory share
In praising our Immanuel King,
For there's no sorrow there.

GEN. G. G. MEADE AT GETTYSBURG.

Many men have reproached General George G. Meade as having been timid and over cautious in the battle of Gettysburg; but as we review his course after the lapse of years, and take into the account all the facts connected with his assuming command of the Army of the Potomac, we can see very clearly that his course was both able and wise; for if he had permitted some of his hot-headed Generals to dash their commands against the Confederate lines, the chances are that whilst he would have fought a magnificent battle, he would have been magnificently beaten; for when the battle was over, it was won, and that was all. The reserve ammunition had been drawn upon and very few infantry men were held in reserve.

Sometimes 'tis brave to travel slow,
Mark well the wanderings to and fro
Of those who would defeat you;
So Meade, at Gettysburg was brave,
And by his prudence helped to save
The Nation—with the blue.

With Hancock, Gibbon, Webb and Hunt,
To give advice, then hold the front;
With Cushing, Hays and Rickett;
While Providence made Wilcox blind,
And Pettigrew could never find
His way—to help bold Pickett.

With Pickett crushed the field was won,
And retrograde was then begun
By Lee—the rebel master.
But Meade was prudent, although slow—
Far better let the Rebels go
Than risk much worse disaster.

But Meade was mustered out one day,
And a grateful Nation was heard to say :
 Thy virtues we will cherish,
And once a year exert our powers
To strew thy grave with blooming flowers,
 Till man from earth shall perish.



THE HOPEFUL UNION SOLDIER.

ALLEGHENY CITY, PA., April 2, 1889.

Hopefulness is a habit of soul in man that is of great advantage to him in any and every relation or situation in life. The hopeful merchant, the hopeful lawyer, or minister of the gospel, is more likely to succeed than he who is ever and anon fearful and complaining. But no situation in life is better calculated to show this fact than *army life*. The hopeful soldier was more than half armed—to such we dedicate these lines:—

I saw a Union soldier,
A freeman good and true,
He was marching in Virginia,
Clad in the army blue.
His back was heavy laden,
His strength was almost gone,
But he shouted as he journeyed
The victory will come!

CHORUS:

Then palms of victory, crowns of glory,
Palms of victory we shall wear. *Repeat Chorus.*

I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
Had overtopped the mountains
And reached the vale below;
But he kept pressing onward,
Without the fife or drum,
Still shouting as he journeyed
The victory will come! *Chorus.*

He heard the song of triumph
At Appomattox tree.
Then joined the Union chorus
With a hearty three times three.
The cruel war was over.
The fighting was all done:
He shouted loud Hosanna!
The victory *has* come.

Chorus.



THE GETTYSBURG BATTLE FIELD.

AIR. "TRAMP, TRAMP," &c.

While we stand on memory's shore,
And recount the perils o'er,
Through which God hath led the Nation in the past,
From those scenes so far away,
Voices come, which seem to say,
Prize your freedom, and forever hold it fast.

CHORUS:

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the Nation's marching:
Onward, upward we will go,
Till our earthly race is run,
When our King will say, Well done,
And release us from all service here below.

Since the years beyond the flood,
Only once more precious blood
Stained the earth and marked the footsteps of the true.
Then, with stars and stripes unfurled,
Waive this answer round the world,
We'll keep sacred all the trophies of the blue.

CHORUS:—Tramp, tramp, tramp, &c.

Now, with charity to all,
North and South, both great and small,
Be this timely nervous admonition given—
In your strife for place and fame,
Recollect the expressive name,
G. A. R., to do the will and work of Heaven.

CHORUS:—Tramp, tramp, tramp, &c.

Then with loyal hearts and true,
To the red, the white, the blue,
For the Union and for Liberty we stand;
Feeling sure our cause is just,
While in God we put our trust.
Pledge our fortune, life, and honor to this land.

CHORUS:—Tramp, tramp, tramp, &c.

With the strife of earth all o'er,
When old Time shall be no more,
May we hear the Grand Commander call us home,
From a state by factions riven,
To the bless'd abodes of Heaven,
There to dwell beneath the everlasting dome.

Connellsville, June, 1880.



THERE is no room for jealousy or envy to exist between the G. A. R. and the U. V. L. They belong to the one family, *The Blue*. But there is a patriotic difference in the wording of the contract made with the Government at the time of enlistment. The meaning of an enlistment for three years, or during the war, was to crush out the rebellion at any cost, and three years or during the war was the time required to put down rebellion. There is a patriotic distinction and difference in the contract made with the Government; let each one be accorded their hard-earned rights with cheerfulness.

UNION VETERAN LEGION.

SUNG AT FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF ENCAMPMENT No. 1.

One year of toil has passed away
Since, from the night, it saw the day,
An Institution tinged with gray,
The "Union Veteran Legion."

'Tis here to stay its term of years,
So now dismiss your doubts and fears;
It lives above all scoffs and sneers—
The "Union Veteran Legion."

They represent the tried and true,
Who waged the deadly conflict through,
While wearing they loved and honored the blue,
The "Union Veteran Legion."

Whatever else they fail to do,
They will put the equalization through
To pay the men who wore the blue,
The "Union Veteran Legion."

Thanks to the men who conceived the thought,
That into an organization brought
Men who can neither be scared or bought,
The "Union Veteran Legion."

Then, Comrades, live as you have begun,
Mark well the right in the race you run,
And the Master will say at the last, "Well done!"
"Union Veteran Legion!"

Come to the place prepared for you,
A harp, a crown, and a mansion too,
With Freedom and your journey through,
"Union Veteran Legion."

Then with the angel choir we'll sing
All glory to the Freeman's King,
And make the heavens' high arches ring
With "Union Veteran Legion."



DEDICATED TO ENCAMPMENT NO. 1.

'Twas the Union Veteran Legion band
Who struck for right and liberty,
And said, together we will stand
Till all Columbia's sons are free.
Three years we heard the minnie balls,
Three years the whizzing, bursting shells,
Three years the morning bugle calls,
Three years the squeaky rebel yells.

Three years the wondering nations had,
Three years of national deep concern,
Three years of history bright or sad,
Three years the will of God to learn.
Three years old Glory rose or fell,
Three years the Yankee Eagle reeled.
Three years as if by magic spell,
Three years God's will and plan revealed.

Three years of toil and strife and blood,
Three years, for friends at home, of tears;
Three years amid temptation's flood,
Three years of varied hopes and fears.
Three years wiped out the leprous stain,
Three years maintained the freeman's right,
Three years, from Georgia up to Maine,
The Union army won the fight.

Three years, a trinity unfolds
Three years to our admiring view,
Three years, and all the world beholds
The glorious conquest of the blue.
Three years of valor, truth and love,
Three years on earth beneath the sun.
Three years to which the powers above
Will say, at last, three years, well done.

THE UNION VETERAN LEGION.

The Union Veteran Legion band
Side by side forever stand,
At home, abroad, on sea or land,
Dauntless, brave and true.
Live on the field of battle,
Live on the field of battle,
Live on the field of battle,
Victory in view.

Three years they heard the rebels yell,
Three years the whizzing, bursting shell,
But they won the fight and live to tell,
Dauntless, brave and true.

Chorus.

Then give to each an honored place,
For service done the human race,
When they went forth cold lead to face,
Dauntless, brave and true.

Chorus.

The sons of worthy sires now stand
Like walls of brick and sacks of sand,
Strong breastworks, to protect the land,
Dauntless, brave and true.

Chorus.

With Lincoln, Grant and Sherman too,
We stand amid the tried and true,
And shout for those who wore the blue,
Dauntless, brave and true.

Chorus.

Then fling all doubts and fears away,
The stars and stripes must win the day,
While we trust in God and watch and pray,
Dauntless, brave and true.

Chorus.

COLUMBIA'S BRAVE AND TRUE.

The following lines were written to be read or sung at the meeting of the Veteran Legion, and intended to be set to the tune of "Jamie's on the Stormy Sea:"

In the days of martial glory,
Many a field was damp and gory;
Listen while I tell the story
Of Columbia's brave and true:
Fathers, husbands, sons and brothers
Left their children, wives and mothers,
To maintain the rights of others
'Neath the Red, the White, the Blue.

CHORUS:

Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Freemen in the land of Beulah!
With the stars and stripes victorious
We have Rest and Peace and Home.

See the Union legions summing;
Hear their shouts and martial drumming.
Abraham, the boys are coming
Forth to go in freedom's cause;
Footmen, horsemen, landmen, seamen,
Proud, because they all are freemen,
Ready to destroy all foeman
Of the Union and its laws.

Chorus.

Years of toil and strife and slaughters,
On the land and on the waters,
Gave Columbia's sons and daughters
Victory o'er the rebel host.
With the eagle soaring o'er us,
We can shout the Union chorus
From New England to Bosphorus
On the great Pacific coast.

Chorus.

Men were strong, and men were weary,
Days were bright, and dark and dreary
Ere the victory perched so cheery
On old Glory's spangled blue.
All the world was watching, waiting,
Grant's and Sherman's worth debating,
But the 9th of April dating.
Said the cruel war is through.

Chorus.



BRAVE BOY FROM INDIANA.

In the early part of the late war a young man came down from Indiana into West Virginia, and, alas! too soon he was seen lying at the root of a tree bleeding and dying in the midst of a battle. A comrade, bending over him, heard him with fast failing breath speak of his mother and of home; he also pronounced the name of Jesus. Just then a squadron of cavalry dashing by, going into the fight, with the flag unfurled to the breeze, the eye of the dying boy caught sight of the colors, and reaching up his hand feebly he said: "Leave me, follow that flag, take good care of it; I am content to die here alone."

Brave boy from Indiana,
Thy work on earth is done.
Thy life was brief but useful,
Thy glory is begun.
We'll tell of thee in story,
We'll sing of thee in song,
Till in millennial glory
We join the ransomed throng.

For when we look to Jesus,
Upon the battle-field,
From sin He doth release us,
This truth has been revealed.
All those who fight for freedom
And fall upon the sod,
Shall find a home of freedom
In presence of our God.

Through all the years of turmoil,
The best of blood was shed,
To enrich Columbia's subsoil,
By the mouldering of her dead.
Stout hearts did often falter,
Strong arms did helpless grow,
When on our country's altar
Our youth was seen to glow.

Brave boy, we'll ne'er forget thee,
Nor the lesson thou didst teach;
Thy looks, thy words, thy actions,
A constant sermon preach.
The noblest place for man to die
Is where he dies for man,
Then in a patriot's grave to lie,
Ador'd by all the clan.



THE BEAUTIFUL.

Perhaps all men have their ideals of the beautiful: but who shall determine which one is the standard? for they are numerous—no two alike. But is there no standard of beauty? Yes, there is. The thing or object that continues in the form, color and expression intended and given by the Almighty Creator is beautiful; the productions of God are all beautiful, and always beautiful, until distorted and warped by the forces and influences that are around all earthly things.

There's beauty in the clear sun light.
 There's beauty in a shower;
There's beauty in a star-lit night.
 There's beauty in each hour.
There's beauty in a virtuous thought.
 There's beauty in a prayer;
There's beauty in what God hath wrought.
 There's beauty everywhere.

There's beauty in the moon's pale beam,
 There's beauty in a flower.
There's beauty in the rippling stream,
 Or the rushing torrent's power.
There's beauty in the ocean waves,
 As mountain high they roll;
There's beauty in the plan which saves,
 And beautifies the soul.

There's beauty in the harvest field,
 There's beauty on the sod;
Mild beauty nature's sheen doth yield,
 And beauty points to God.
My soul in beauty live and die,
 Let beauty work like leaven;
In beauty scale the azure sky,
 There's beauty up in Heaven.

There's beauty in the forest trees,
 There's beauty all around.
 There's beauty in the gentle breeze,
 And in the solid ground:
 Praise God we have the beautiful.
 And beauty yet in store,
 In beauty then be dutiful,
 And praise him more and more.

There's beauty in an honest man,
 "The noblest work of God."
 There's beauty in a child—who can
 Do right—without the rod;
 There's beauty in the church on earth,
 When free from all alloy,
 The beauty of man's second birth
 Gives Saints and Angels joy.

I'll gaze upon the beautiful
 Till by its moulding power,
I'm changed into the dutiful,
 And trustful every hour.
 For every phase on nature's side
 Teach lessons of good cheer
 To those who in the Lord confide.
 Throughout the circling year.

Connellsville, Pa., July 10, 1879.



THE MASTER MASON.

The Masonic fraternity stands forth before the world as the most ancient and honorable secret order among men. Its only weakness at this, or at any time, has been and is that so many of its members seem never to have thoroughly digested its covenants and the dual meaning of its ceremonies, forgetting that they are ever present and binding; but why wonder at this when we remember that men, who made personal promises to Jesus, violated them without even a promise of compensation.

For antiquity and honored deeds
Unrivalled and alone they stand
Before the world, sowing the seeds
Of virtue with a liberal hand.

True to a brother in distress;
True to his wife and kindred dear—
Such motive brings true happiness
At noon, at night, to sage or seer.

True to his country and his God,
A Master Mason from his youth
Travels the way by others trod,
And lives a life of peace and truth.

With dauntless courage, in the strife
Of earth and time he's bold to stand,
And sees, by faith, a crown of life
Placed on his head by Father's hand.

TO THE SIR KNIGHTS.

Sir Knight, be brave, be true,
Ne'er wield thy sword for wrong;
But *right*, with GOD and *man*, pursue
And thus make virtue strong.

Give innocence a smile,
To cheer her on her way,
Through earth's untrodden dark defile
Up to bright realms of day.

Be faithful unto death,
And thou shalt have thy pay
At sunset—at thy parting breath—
With earth-born sin and clay.

Then labor on and wait,
Refreshments soon may come,
When Christ will ope the golden gate
And say, "Sir Knight, well done!"

Then Solomon the First,
And Hiram, King of Tyre,
The Widow's Son, and all the host,
Will join the angelic choir.

And sing to Him who loved the race
And hath our sins forgiven;
To Him be glory, for His grace
Hath made us meet for heaven.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

Divine providence, as a fact, few men can doubt. Our trouble sometimes arises because we are not satisfied in our minds as to whether it is merely general or special. But if we take time to think we will make the discovery that, from the very nature of things, it must be both, for he who knows the bulk must of necessity know the particles: therefore He who knoweth the race of man must know the individual: therefore He who from zone to zone doth guide the fowl in its certain flight, in the long path that I must tread, will surely guide my steps aright.

The Lord unrolls the deep-toned muttering thunder:

His hand directs the vivid lightning's flash:

Be still, my soul, admire, adore and wonder:

Thy Father's arm, though strong, is never rash.

His eye can see the white caps of old ocean;

His hand unfurls the whirlwind in its flight:

His word can still the tempests wild commotion:

His love can make the darkest dungeon light.

Be brave, my soul, though some prove false to duty,

And, like Elijah, thou art left alone,

God sees the tear that dims the eye of beauty,

And for His trustful child erects a throne.

Let goodness, love and mercy, be thy tower,

And, like the eagle, rise to seek the light;

Then in God's own good time, and by His power,

He'll bring thee where thy faith will change to sight.

WAIT FOR JUSTICE.

The writer was once on a time foreman of a jury in Allegheny County Court. The plaintiff in the case was a colored woman; the defendants were two young white women, dress makers. They were charged with larceny by bailee. The proof was clear that they received a dress pattern from the colored woman, and promised to make her a dress; it was also clearly proven that they never made the dress and never returned the goods. The jury returned a verdict of guilty in manner and form as indicted; but the judge said: "No, I will exercise my power and arrest this verdict, declare it suspended and will make an arrangement by which these parties, the defendants, shall be free." The writer never could understand just how the thing was done, but it was done and stands to day as part of the record of Allegheny County Court.

There is a tide in social life
Before the court—for man or wife—
 But this is only seeming;
Before the Lord, for white or black,
Upon a throne or on the rack,
 Virtue alone stands gleaming.

Judges on earth may seem to rule
The court, the state, the church, the school,
 While this frail life is passing;
But when earth's seeming law shall end,
Then all mankind shall comprehend
 The law that's everlasting.

The law divine decides each case.
Not by the color of the face,
 But by the heart's intending.
Black will be white, if black was right,
For naught can blot, or change, or blight,
 In God's eternal blending—

Then carry all thy grievance where
Truth, like the noon-day sun, shall glare,
 To show where right doth center;
For in earth's courts the wrong may win,
While Cast and Pride and Lust and Sin
 Are thus allowed to enter.

God pity all the human race,
And grant us His redeeming grace,
 To save us from corruption—
At home, in court, in church or state,
For this would lead us soon or late
 To absolute destruction.



GEN. GRANT AT PITTSBURGH IN 1879.

In December, 1879, General U. S. Grant visited Pittsburgh. All our people seemed anxious to welcome him, so a banquet was prepared at the Monongahela House. When the Hero of Appomattox was seated at the board he saw what influence was intended to rule at the feast, and his first act was to turn his goblet down.

The world's great Captain, slow of speech,
But slower yet to frown,
Was by his actions apt to teach,
So he turned the goblet down.

CHORUS.

He turned the goblet down,
He turned the goblet down,
He saw what influence ruled the feast
And turned the goblet down.

Heroic act, 'tis the Nation's pride
That her son of rare renown,
To check excess in its rapid stride,
Would turn the goblet down.

Chorus.

On many a field of strife and blood
He braved the rebel frown,
So now amid temptation's flood
He turned the goblet down.

Chorus

In foreign lands, 'mid dukes and lords,
Of color white and brown,
His actions spoke much more than words
When he turned the goblet down.

Chorus.

IN MEMORY OF MY MOTHER.

I met a young man in one of the streets of Connellsville, Pa. He reeled and staggered under the influence of strong drink, and whilst in that sad state uttered the following, almost word for word:

I know I've been a very bad boy to day:
 I've been drinking with one and another,
 For two or three days and nights, but hey!
 "Please, sir, do not tell my mother."

CHORUS:

Oh, the memory of that dear mother,
 Her love 'twas like but *one* other,
 No stranger, though lover, nor sister or brother;
 Only Christ and a faithful mother.

I know I've been a very bad boy to-day,
 And I heed not my father or brother;
 They are very much like myself; but hey!
 "Please, sir, do not tell my mother!"

Chorus.

I know I've been a very bad boy to-day,
 My convictions I cannot smother,
 Where'er I turn something seems to say—
 "Remember the advice of your mother."

Chorus.

I know I've been a very bad boy to-day,
 And if God gives me but another,
 I'll strive to do right—even now I pray,
 "Lord help me to honor my mother."

Chorus.

How many there are in this land of the free,
Who get rich by destroying their brother;
They deal in a poison (for the sake of the fee,)
Which controls even the love for a mother.

Chorus.

Oh runseller, think of the day that must come
To thyself, and thy self-ruined brother;
A day of swift vengeance, of anguish and gloom,
And remorse for a heart broken mother.

Chorus.



FOUR-SCORE.

THERE was a pleasant gathering at the house of Mr. John Tittle, in the Third Ward, last evening, on the occasion of the eightieth birthday of that gentleman, who is enjoying the best of health, and who is loved and respected by all who know him. It was a kind of informal meeting participated in by his children still residing here, his numerous grandchildren, and a number of invited guests. The aged gentleman was much pleased to see such a goodly company gathered around him, and the following original poem was read by one of them in honor of the occasion :

LINES DEDICATED TO MR. JOHN TITTLE, OF JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Just eighty years have passed away.
Since from the breath of God he came
To wonder at the light of day,
Unknown to fortune or to fame.
But through these years a thread has run,
Which binds the present to the past;
For life on earth when it is done
Is but a chain—of strange contrast.

Just eighty years of lights and shades.
Of anxious thought, of noble strife.
While journeying o'er these mundane glades
With longings—for a better life.
These years have not been spent in vain;
Though but a plodder he has been.
His earnest thought was how to gain
A home with Jesus—bright, serene.

Just eighty years—eventful years—
Amid the sunshine or the shower;
Bounding with hope or sad with fears;
Alternate joy or grief each hour.
But they are gone—to come no more;
Earth is receding fast away;
He nears the everlasting shore,
Charmed by the streaks of endless day.

A home—a crown awaits him there,
Hard by the throne of God most high;
A robe, a palm, a mansion fair.
Why need he tremble then *to die*?
To die is but to leave the few,
And join the many gone before,
Just as the sparkling drop of dew,
Kissed by the sunshine, dies to soar.

A FRIEND.

Johnstown, Cambria Co., Pa., Feb. 18, 1881.



WELCOME SONG.

To be Sung at Muster-in. Tune, "Old Hundred."

Thrice welcome. Comrades, to this band.
Where veterans count their perils o'er;
Here round the flag, join hand in hand.
United as in days of yore,
With stars undimmed, our banner waves
O'er North and South, o'er land and sea.
Marks off our fallen comrade's graves—
A pledge of future liberty.

THE TRUE KNIGHT:

Few, if any, of the benevolent orders excel the Knights of Honor. They are in America to stay and work for the comfort and happiness of mankind. It is certainly a relief to an old man to know that whilst he is out on the ocean of life, tossed and driven by the surging waves of time, there are those in the world who, like a kindred spirit, are looking for an opportunity to cool his lips or to fan his brow. Good angels are good beings; may they attend our pathway to the end!

(Tune, "*Sweet Afton.*")

The true Knight of Honor, with banner unfurled,
Goes forth like a hero to light up the world;
With bright hopes and promise, with garlands of peace—
With music, with friendship, with love ne'er to cease.

The true Knight of Honor, when loud thunders roar
And the storm king in fury drives out from the shore,
Stands firm by the light-house 'mid the rocket's red glare,
And shouts to his comrades, your dangers I share.

The true Knight of Honor, how grand to behold!
He lives for his kindred—not silver and gold;
Nor fame or preferment, in church or in state,
But he lives to soothe sorrow, and smiles to create.

The true Knight of Honor attracts our esteem
Like flowers in spring time, or morning sunbeam,
For he lives to enlighten—he lives to relieve
The poor, the afflicted—condolence receive.

The true Knight of Honor no respite would seek
From duty or danger, whilst life's incomplete,
But onward, still onward the Samaritan goes,
Defending the helpless by crushing their foes.

The true Knight of Honor when life's toils are o'er,
Shall rest from his labor and suffer no more;
The Supreme Dictator will then say, "Well done,
Enter into my glory and sit down on my throne."



SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

At the close of the war, a Southern lady visiting in Washington, D. C., one night about 12 o'clock, felt the poetic spark in her soul—but how could she write in the dark? No match could she find; but she threw open the shutters and the street lamp gave sufficient light so that she could see the white paper. With her pencil she put her thoughts on paper. Next morning, on examination, she found that she had written the following touching song:

Into a ward of the white-washed walls,
Where the dead and the dying lay;
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls.
Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale sweet face,
So soon to be hid by the dust of the grave.
The lingering look of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow from that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould.
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful blue-veined brow
Brush all the wandering waves of gold;
Cross his hands on his bosom now.
Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take,
They were somebody's pride you know.
Somebody's hand hath rested there—
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
Or have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in those waves of light.

God knows best, he was somebody's love,
Somebody's heart hath enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer;
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody elung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him,
Yearning to clasp him again to her heart,
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
And smiling, childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave, a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
Somebody's darling slumbers here.



FORGIVE AND FORGET.

Ô, forgive and forget, for this life is too fleeting
To waste it in brooding o'er wrongs we have met;
It is better, far better, to smother our anger,
To teach this proud heart to forgive and forget.

In the path we must tread, leading down to the valley,
Are crosses and trials to lift and to bear;
And the chalice of life from which we are now drinking
Oft bears to our lips drops of sorrow and care.

But this life is so short, be it sunshine or shadow,
That we cannot afford to brood over a wrong;
Let us lift up our burden's and bear them on bravely;
We'll lay them down shortly, it cannot be long.

Then forgive and forget, if the friends we love fondly
Prove themselves to be false and unworthy of trust;
Oh deal with them kindly, for they are but mortal,
Erring like us, for we too are but dust.

O, deal with them tenderly, pity their weakness,
For we know every heart hath its evil and good:
We all have one Father, and hence we are brothers:
Then let us forgive and forget, as we should.

REMEMBER THE POST ROOM TO-NIGHT

Old comrades, remember the Post room,
And make it your duty to call;
Forget not to-night there's a meeting,
And be at your place in the hall.
Go greet your old comrades with kindness;
Go stand as we stood in the fight,
With the touch to left at the elbow,
Forget not the meeting to-night.

There's a genial glow in the Post room
That elsewhere you hardly will find;
There's warmth in the greeting of comrades
That ties of fraternity bind.
Those links that now bind us together
Were forged 'mid the flames of the fight.
So comrades remember the Post room,
And go to the meeting to night.

Remember the dead that when living
So bravely stood by to the last,
And cherish the names of old tent-mates
That fell by your side in the past.
Remember their widows and orphans,
And see that their burdens are light;
For the sake of the dead and the living,
Go visit the Post room to-night.

Remember the toils and the dangers
Endured when we settled the row,
And those that survive need our friendship,
'Tis right we should stand by them now,
And see that the wolf never enters
The threshold, for the sake of the past,
Of those that helped save us the battle,
And fought for the flag to the last.

Stand up for each other united.

And keep the old camp-fire aflame,
Regarding our comrades as brothers,
And aid in sweet charity's name.

Be loyal to Post as to country,
Stand firm in the cause of the right;
Forget not to aid by your presence
The boys at the Post room to-night.

Too soon will our marches be over.

Too soon the last bugle will call,
When death will extinguish our camp-fire,
And crown himself monarch of all.
So comrades attend to the Post room to-night,
And see that the camp-fire is bright;
For the sake of the past and the present,
Attend the meeting to-night.

How many times after the battle

Old comrades would fail to appear,
As the sergeant would call the roll over
How few could answer back "Here."
But to-night there are no such excuses,
Respond for the duty is light,
For the sake of our comrades, the fallen,
Come down to the Post room to-night.

Then comrades remember the Post room,

And make it a duty to go
And stand again shoulder to shoulder
As once when we throttled the foe.
Salute the old flag at the altar,
Our emblem of freedom and right,
And cheer the old boys that sustained it
With greetings of kindness to-night.

J. W. KINYON.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

There's a song, thrilling song, in the air;
There's a star, mystic star, in the sky;
There's a virgin mother's deep prayer,
And a helpless infant's low cry—
Lo! His star flashes out while the beautiful sing,
And the manger of Bethlehem now cradles a King.

There's a tumult of rapturous joy
O'er the promised, yet wonderful birth,
For the virgin mother's sweet boy
Is the Lord of Heaven and Earth—
Lo! His star flashes fire, while the beautiful sing,
For the manger at Bethlehem now cradles a King.

In the light of that magnetic star
Lie the ages, like dew-drops impearled,
And the Seraph's song from afar
Has swept swiftly over the world—
Every hearth is aflame, and the beautiful sing
In the homes of the Nation that Jesus is King.

We rejoice here to-day in the light,
And we echo, thrice echo, the song
That comes down through the silent night
From the heavenly angelic throng;
And we shout to the heavenly evangel they bring,
While we greet in his cradle our Saviour and King.

GOSPEL TEMPERANCE VS. CHRISTIANITY.

How many so-called temperance people are dissatisfied with what God has ordained and established as an agency in the world to do the work of moral reform, and are looking for something new and strange. Many of these very persons never think of doing their part in church work, and yet they are ever ready to run wild over that which is new, strange and exciting. And yet, every sensible man must know that it is the quiet, constant worker that is successful as an advocate of moral reformation. Look at the same principle in rhyme. For how many there are who seem to say—

What is there that is *new* to-day,
Exciting, strange and bold,
In which to while the hours away?
I'm tired of the old.

Old forms, old truths, have lost their charms.
The world seems dull and drear.
Unless some new man calls to arms
The cause is lost, I fear.

Virtue and honor are but names;
God's plan is out of date.
I want the new mysterious chains,
To rule and regulate.

Poor, silly mortal, stop and think.
The old is God's own plan;
To snatch his child from ruin's brink,
And make him yet a man.

No new arrangement can be made.
To break the spell of sin;
'Tis Calvary's old Damascus blade
That must such victory win.

Stand by the tried and good old way.
Thy Saviour's counsel take,
And bear the cross from day to day
Humbly—for Jesus sake.

ANON.

THE SOLILOQUY FOR OLD AGE.

An old man was heard to say: "I am now going down the western slope of life's mountain. I have no complaint to make with regard to the providence that has been over and around me through life; but as I take time to call up the past, I discover that I have more friends and relatives in Heaven than I have on earth; I am getting lonely, even at home, for I am but a pilgrim here. My real home and kindred are yonder."

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,
Gone are my friends from my home and sight away,
Gone from the earth to that land no more to roam,
I long to hear the Saviour calling, Child, come home!
I'm coming! I'm coming! to that land no more to roam;
I long to hear the Saviour calling, Child, come home!

While thus I weep, and my heart is filled with pain,
Nor can I sleep, for my friends come not again,
Grieving for forms and wandering still alone,
I long to hear the Saviour calling, Child, come home!
I'm coming! I'm coming! Though wandering still alone;
O could I hear the Saviour calling, Child, come home!

Where are the hearts, once so happy and so free,
My children and wife, who were ever dear to me?
Gone to that shore where my soul must shortly roam:
I long to hear the Saviour calling, Child, come home!
I'm coming! I'm coming! To where my soul must
shortly roam;
I long to hear the Saviour calling, Child, come home!

Farewell to earth—To Immanuel's Cross I cling;
Farewell to pain, now my happy soul can sing;
I go to my place—no longer shall I roam;
I hear his gentle voice, 'tis calling, Child, come home!
I'm coming! I'm coming! no longer shall I roam,
O Jesus, Blessed Saviour, take thine own child home!

SPRING-TIDE.

The cold and icy bands are broken.
Spring-tide scenes are come again;
The skies are clear, and life betoken
Everywhere 'neath sun and rain.

Send it forth, Thou Great Jehovah.
Thrilling, swelling, brightening earth;
Bid man's spirit share the sunbeams,
And the showers of joy and mirth.

Spring-tide, thou art ever welcome;
All thy forms, thy choral strains.
To the mountains and the meadows,
On the hill-tops, in the plains.

To all human habitations,
To the poor, the sick, the old,
Thou art fraught with consolations,
Like gems of silver set in gold.

Thanks to God for Spring's sweet influence;
Silently, yet grandly ours;
To the giver let all peoples
Consecrate their noblest powers.

And on that bright morn' that's coming,
After years of silent rest,
We shall have a spring-tide rising
To the mansions of the blest.

There no Autumn shall o'ertake us;
One eternal bud and bloom,
Snow and Winter all on this side;
Spring-tide reigns beyond the tomb.

HALLELUJAH, LIGHT IS BREAKING!

We are going to the grave, but we will not deplore it.
 Though darkness and corruption encompass the tomb.
 For Jesus hath passed through its portals before us.
 The lamp of His love will be our light through its gloom.

CHORUS:

All around the world go preach the glorious Gospel;
 All around the world bid the captive souls go free;
 Whosoever now believeth, and the Spirit's seal receiveth,
 Shall be saved at the present, and to all eternity.

We are going to the grave, but 'twere wrong to deplore it,
 Since GOD is our ransom, our guardian and our guide.
 He made us and He'll take us, for soon He will receive us;
 And death hath no sting since the Saviour hath died.

CHORUS:

All around the world send the tidings of Salvation;
 All around the world sing of Jesus wondrous love;
 For He died to save poor sinners, of every type and nation,
 And now He is preparing bright mansions above.

We are going to the grave, earth's mansions forsaking,
 Perhaps the tried spirit in doubt will linger long;
 But the sunlight of Heaven will beam on our waking,
 And the song we shall sing will be the Seraph's song.

CHORUS:

All around the world, Hallelujah light is breaking!
 All around the world Jesus' name shall honored be.
 See the golden streaks of promise in the moral world's
 horizon—
 Come thou desire of Nations, and let us thy glory see.

PASSED AWAY.

On March 22, 188-, Miss Kate R. Wilkie, a worthy young member of the Church, departed this life, happy in the Lord. The following lines were read at the funeral on the Sabbath following, having been prepared for the occasion.

There is a stream whose narrow tide
The known and unknown worlds divide,
Where all must go;
Its waveless waters dark and deep,
'Mid sullen silence downward sweep,
With noiseless flow.

On either side that narrow stream
The flowers bloom, and often seem
One song to sing.
Alas! on this side flowers fade,
And vacant places soon are made—
How brief is spring!

While on the other side is seen
The Tree of Life. 'Tis ever green;
It's leaf's a balm
For all the sorrows of mankind;
'Twill heal the sick and cure the blind,
The conscience calm.

How willing then each saint should be
To quit this fading side and see
The other shore,
And join the throng who loudly sing
To Christ, the song of blooming spring
Forevermore.

For on that other shore no night
Shall ever settle down to blight
The soaring soul;
But one eternal noon of spring,
In which to be, and bloom, and sing
Love's ceaseless role.

WAR STATISTICS.

The following, taken from an old record, comprises the volunteers from the several states and territories during the war of the rebellion :

Maine.....	72,144	Wisconsin.....	96,524
New Hampshire.....	36,629	Minnesota.....	25,052
Vermont.....	35,262	Iowa.....	76,309
Massachusetts.....	152,045	Missouri.....	109,111
Rhode Island.....	23,699	Kentucky.....	79,025
Connecticut.....	57,379	Kansas.....	20,151
New York.....	467,047	Tennessee.....	31,092
New Jersey.....	81,010	Arkansas.....	8,289
Pennsylvania.....	366,107	Colorado.....	4,903
Delaware.....	13,670	North Carolina.....	3,156
Maryland.....	50,316	California.....	15,725
West Virginia.....	32,068	Nevada.....	1,080
District of Columbia.....	16,872	Dakota Territory.....	206
Ohio.....	197,147	Oregon.....	1,810
Indiana.....	259,147	Washington Territory.....	964
Illinois.....	259,147	Nebraska.....	3,157
New Mexico.....	6,561	Louisiana.....	8,224
Alabama.....	2,576	Mississippi.....	545
Florida.....	1,290	Texas.....	1,965
Michigan.....	89,373	Indian Territory.....	35,030

TOTAL NUMBER OF VOLUNTEERS, 2,678,967.

The Medical history of the war gives the following statistics :

Wounded in action.....	280,040	Captured.....	184,791
Out of about every 65 men, one man was killed in action.			
“ “ “ 56 “ “		died of wounds received in action.	
“ “ “ 13 “ “		“ of disease and unknown causes	
“ “ “ 9 “ “		“ while in the service.	
“ “ “ 15 “ “		was captured or reported missing.	
“ “ “ 10 “ “		was wounded in action.	
“ “ “ 7 “		captured, one died in captivity.	

From Surgeons' Report, November 12, 1870.

Entire number of men killed in action.....	35,408
Died of wounds.....	49,205
“ from Suicide.....	302
“ “ Homicide.....	103
“ “ Executions.....	121
“ “ Disease.....	186,216

FINALLY,

GENTLE READER,

Think well and speak well of the old soldier; for, remember, they were engaged four years in giving to the world the best evidence that has been given for the last hundred years that we as a nation have faith in God, love Liberty, and believe in Equal Rights. It is one thing to say that we support such doctrines, but it is a stronger thing to show it. It is one thing to use logical arguments to prove that we love liberty, but to receive and give back arguments of lead for liberty is stronger and better evidence.

J. A. D.

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